BLACK MEN FOR THE CONGO

Facts About the Free State Whither Colored People Are Urged to Migrate.

A Desert That Has Been Described as a Paradise-All the Conditions of Life Are the Lowest and It Is a Good Place to Avoid.

Special Correspondence of the Sunday Journal. WASHINGTON, Sept. 18.-The project recently agitated for sending the colored people out of this country to colonize the socalled Congo Free State has exceed the interested attention of the Department of State, owing to the investigation and exposure of that amazing African enterprise made under its direction not long ago. It may be remembered how it was proposed that the United States should become associated in the control of the Congo region, for the purpose of securing trade. A powerful lobby, led by ex-Minister to Belgium Sanford, who had a large financial interest in the scheme, secured from Congress a formal recognition of this "Free State," which was subsequently found to have no real existence. For that matter it has none to this day. The Department of State sent a "special diplomatic agent," Mr. W. P. Tisdel, to travel through the Congo valley and make his own observations respecting its commercial possibilities. His report pricked the bubble, and, on the strength of it, the President, in a message to Congress, recommended strongly that this government should keep its hands off the Dark Continent. It was so determined. Otherwise, shrewd statesmen have surmised that one or more European powers might have taken advantage of the precedent at some future time for claiming a right to interfere with Mexico or in Central America. Such earnest efforts have been made by the International Congo Association—in reality simply a commercial company with the King of Belgium at its head in his private capacity-to prevent the facts about the alleged Free State from becoming publie that the region in question is to-day popularly supposed to be a sort of earthly paradise filled with everything that is calculated to make life joyful. Explorer Stanley, himself an employe of the association at a huge salary, has done his best to spread this idea by his lectures and books. The country is represented as having a million square miles of territory, a population of fifty millions and boundless resources. Its productiveness is declared superior to that of the valley of the Amazon, with a climate of unsurpassed salubrity. Unlimited quantities of ivory, palm oil, gum copal, rubber, wax, peanuts and other precions goods are said to be offered by the gentle natives in exchange for European products. In an address delivered at Manchester, England, Mr. Stanley made a half-humorous estimate of the amount of half-humorous estimate of the amount of cloth which the inhabitants of the Congo basin were prepared to consume. Supposing them to require one Sunday dress each annually, wearing nothing on week days, they would require for this single costume 320,000,000 yards. It would be more reasonable, however, to estimate their wants in the way of garments at two Sunday dresses each and four every-day dresses per annum.
This would make necessary 3,840,000,000 yards, which, at 2 pence a yard, would amount to \$80,000,000. They would need night-dresses, too, of course, and these would use up 160,000,000 yards more. Furthermore, two millions of the people die every year, and to bury them decently, ac-cording to the custom of those who possess cloth, 16,000,000 yards more would be requisite, with 4,000,000 yards extra for 40,000 chiefs. Scarce a family in the Congo valley has not its cloth fund, or currency chest, of a dozen pieces of twenty-four yards each.
without which domestic necessities could
not very well be provided for. Housewives
could not buy greens, bread, palm oil, peanuts, chickens or fish; and traffic would be impossible in ganpowder, guns, knives, copper slugs, dye powders, palm kernels, wax and gums. Considering the perishable nature of this currency. Mr. Stanley thought

Unfortunately, practically the entire population of the basin of the Congo goes stark naked, having no use for clothing on Sunday or any other day. A small minority wear a loin-cloth, but the average lady or gentleman in all that vast region considers herself or himself in rather exceptionally full attire when wearing a single square red cotton handkerchief. Such a handkerchief, according to current rates, is two days' wages for an able-bodied man. That is the rate of pay given by the representatives of the International Association, which is so anxious to secure the immigration of colored people from the United States in order that their labor may assist in opening the country. Labor is very hard to get over there, inasmuch as the natives prefer to spend their time in loafing or killing one another. From to time they make attacks, without the slightest provocation, upon white stations, burn the stores and buildings, and murder as many of the occupants as they can. The International Association has a number of such stations scattered along the lower Congo as far up as Stanley Pool. Each one is surrounded by a stockade and supplied with arms for its defense. Naturally, it has a certain influence upon affairs in its immediate vicinity, until, as often happens, the gar-rison is either massacred or compelled by fear of the always hostile natives to leave. Not long ago one of the stations was abandoned because of the thieving propensities of the Kouamout women, who control everything in their tribe, the men being of inferior intelligence and having no voice in affairs whatever. That is what the International Association calls "governing" the "Free State"-a vast and almost unexplored country, filled with the and wholly controlled by independent to demand from the traders magazine ritles tribes, recognizing no authority save their own despotic chiefs.

that necessary supplies of the negotiable medium might some day be drawn in vast quantities from the looms of Manchester.

NO USE FOR CLOTHES.

Gin is the great agent employed for spreading white influence in the Congo country, and the only successful one. It composes four-fifths of the entire imports of the basin, being made especially for the traffic in Holland, at a cost of about 5 cents a quart bottle. "Trade gin" it is called, and with it is purchased nearly all of the products of that region brought to European markets. It will go ten times further in barter than an equal value in cloth. A native will often sell a lump of rubber as big as he can carry, and worth 60 cents a pound, for one bottle of gin. Cloth is not always negotiable; that imported for trading purposes is of coarse quality, and altogether inferior to the fabric, resembling linen in fineness, which the savages make themselves by plaiting grass. Traders often return to the coast with their goods unsold, because the blacks will not accept cloth, demanding gin. A bottle of gin pays for two days' work. The natives are much addicted to intoxication, and they find that gin makes them drunk quicker than the beverage they compose themselves by fermenting palm-sap. Kum goes equally well with them, and enormous quantities of it are brought in ships from Boston, which is the main source of supply. together with Testaments and hymn-books from the Bible societies.

Pretty nearly all of the Congo basin may fairly be described as a desert. The country produces no vegetation that will support a beast of burden. At last accounts there were just three mules in the valley, and their food had to be brought from Europe. The traveler must cross vast expanses of treeless and and plain, swim great rivers and wade through marshes up to his waist. The lowlands are covered with grass resembling bamboo, twenty feet in height, and of so dense a growth that one may go through it for days without ever seeing the sun, wearing a mask woven out of palm leaves, something like a base-ball catcher's mask, to keep the knife-like edges of the grass from cutting the face to pieces. The only roads are narrow paths just wide enough to permit a passage in single file, and the amiable natives take great interest in tieing the grass over these paths where two intersect so as to lead people astray. From Stanley Pool to the sea the mighty Congo falls 1,600 feet in 260 miles.

like. Man-eating crocodiles sixteen feet in length lift their monstrous heads in every eddy or lie asleep on the banks, while dangerous hippopotami, as big as ever yawned upon a circus pos-ter, disport themselves in herds of scores and even hundreds. The agent of the Department of State, Mr. Tisdel, having traveled to the interior by land from Vivi, preferred to return to the sea by the river, having made up his mind that he had as lief be eaten by the crocodiles as by the cannibals, who swarm in the up-country. With the pirates who beset the upper river, attacking every one who passes, he had to fight, as does every Congo traveler, and al-though he escaped by narrow squeaks both crocodiles and cataracts, he wonders that his hair had not turned white, as did Stanley's, by the time he reached the ocean.

HOW THE NATIVES LIVE. If it were not for the women of the Congo, little or nothing of the wild products of the country would be gathered for foreign markets-such as rubber, wildbee wax and gums. They do all the work, garden making, and some trading. Each village has its garden and palm grove. In the garden nothing is grown but peanuts and mandioca. Of the roots of the latter the native bread is made. The plants grow only in the low lands or valley lands. Its roots are beaten to powder and mixed in a flat cake with fermented palm-sap, which serves the purpose of yeast and raises the bread. Villages are usually surrounded by a high stockade, with but one narrow entrance. The houses are built of grass, with supports and ridge-poles of strong bamboo. In the center of each hut a fire is kept burning, and the smoke, there being no chimney or vent-hole, blackens the roof. Ordinary people sleep on the bare ground, but a king or queen, as a rule, reposes on a bamboo frame with skins stretched across it. Mr. Tisdel says that he has slept in many a royal palace in Africa, but was apt to be driven out by vermin. Some of the tribes number from 20,000 to 100,000 souls; each such nation keeps to itself and aloof from its neighbors, being governed by its own despotic chief, who holds the lives of all his subjects in his grasp. From their universal nakedness he is ordinarily distinguished by wearing a large piece of cloth or garment of skins. He has many wives, if such they can be called, who have their standing as No. 1, No. 2, and so on, according to his corrections force. cording to his capricious favor. Polygamy is general with individuals who can afford the luxury. Diseases of the most loathsome character are rife every where. Civilization has nothing bad that it can teach these blacks.

The coast women are fond of gandy cloth, but throughout the interior nakedness is the invariable rule. Strings of olue and white beads are worn much about the neck, waist and ankles, and bands of iron or brass are used to adorn the wrists, ankles and throat. Sometimes the latter are so weighty as to weigh down the wearer, who supports the burden with cheerfulness notwithstanding, because it represents a big sum in negotiable currency. The women particularly affect a profusion of ornaments, such as polished charms carved from hippopota-mus ivory. Many tribes pierce the lobes of the ears and the middle cartilage of the nose, thrusting into the holes pieces of wood and thus rendering their appearance very horrible indeed. Metal cartridges are much prized for like purposes, and all through the valley of the Congo one finds them in use as nose and ear ornaments. The most admired adornment, however, is a necklace made with three or four hairs from an elephant's tail, which is believed to possess virtue as a fetich. Each tribe has its own tribal mark, usually tatooed on the face. though often on the breast or back, whether of men or women. Some tribes paint their persons profusely, especially the women, who smear their heads with a mixture of palm-oil and red clay, do their bodies in white, or paint their faces black as a sign of mourning. Some clip their hair or shave their heads in all sorts of style, while others plaster their hair with oil and twist it into spirals interwoven with fine wire, so as to make it stick out in every direction most surprisingly. Some of the women make their hair up into enormous cushions, while others compose their luxuriant tresses in the shape of poke-bonnets. In fact, it may fairly be said that these people of the Congo are the most artistic hairdressers in the world. Red cotton nandkerchiefs are currency

dustrious colored person who chooses to emigrate from this country to the Free State can be sure of employment by the International Association or other traders at the rate of one handkerchief for two days' labor, or a bottle of gin, if preferred; but the workman is expected to procure his own food, lodging and clothes. The Portuwhat they call the "contract system." They make contracts with up-river potentates for so many men and women. The said potentates burn a few villages, kill the babies and most of the women, and fetch the able-bodied survivors to the coast, where they receive so much a head for them from the traders, who ship them to the points where their work is required.

Large portions of the interior of Africa have been fairly depopulated by the raids of the slave-dealers. Disputes between kings are usually settled by transfers of slaves. Such human chattels are remarkably cheap, a bottle or two of trade gin being considered a fair equivalent for either a male or female. Wholesale slaugh-ters of slaves are apt tobe incidental to any sort of festive celebration at a royal African court. All prisoners taken in war are either enslaved or executed with fire and spear. Tribal wars are of constant occurrence, on the slightest pretexts or without door to us. I will skip our journey on the cars, any. If one tribe has had no rain for a as there is nothing of interest about it. We while and a neighboring tribe has been mind that undue influence of the nature of witchcraft has been exerted, and so raises a standard of battle.

everywhere in the Congo basin. Any in

HOW THEY USE FIRE-ARMS. The natives of the Congo have plenty of guns, but very little lead, because the traders have tried to keep the latter commodity from them. For bullets they use pebbles and balls of baked clay, but recently they have taken to cutting brass rods into pieces for slugs. They do not know how to employ guns for purposes of markmanship, but utilize them to frighten away evil spirits, to make a noise on occasions of festivity, and for every imaginable purpose save war and the chase. Howand metallic cartridges ready loaded.

Apart from its use as currency, practically the only purpose for which cloth is employed is burying the dead. When a person dies all the cloth he owns, representing the savings of a lifetime, is wrapped around him. A thousand yards will sometimes envelop the corpse of a king, but one hundred yards is thought to be a liberal provision for an ordinary man. If one has no cloth his body is usually thrown out for the wild beasts to devour or cast into the

river for the crocodiles. There is very little game in the Congo basin, because there is nothing there for it to live upon. If a white man shoots an elephant the blacks swarm about and gorge themselves. The elephant's fondness for peanuts, so familiar to any small boy who has patronized the circus, is very conspicuous in that region. It is said that an elephant can smell a peanut patch miles away. He spots it, and waits patiently until it is nearly ripe; then he wades in and gobbles it all in a night. The natives try to frighten him off, but he is not afraid of them. Agriculture is practically an impossibility in the country, because the elephants and hippopotami are nearly certain to root up and trample down anything that is planted. But, for the matter of that, almost nothing could be grown there any way, owing to the barrenness of the soil. Much has been said of the Congo valley as a "garden spot," but in truth a peck measure would more than hold all the vegetables that have ever been grown there. The native population is able to exist on roots and little else, but white folks cannot live on such diet. Expeditions leaving the coast for the interior are obliged to carry

of their food with them, else they would starve on the way. The traders at Stanley Pool are compelled to get all their supplies from Europe. It is a fact that not one-twentieth of the alleged prodnots of the Congo basin come from there at all, but from along the coast for a thousand miles north and south, the great entrepot being at the mouth of the Congo river. Traders in small sailing vessels go up and down alongshore from bayon to bayon, exchanging intoxicants for goods, and fetching the latter eventually to the Congo station. The Free State, for which Stanley claims 380 miles of coast line, has in reality only thirty-eight miles. The interior is one vast region of sand and clay

ocean. If the whole interior were actually overflowing with riches, instead of being the most God-forsaken country in which man has ever set his foot, the expense of transporting them to the ocean would be enormously too great to pay. It costs today \$400 to transport one ton from the sea coast 260 miles to Stanley Pool.

According to the general custom of the country, market is held every "fourth day." usually on neutral ground, where friend and foe meet for trading purposes. Such few goats and fowls as can be raised are saved for this sort of exchange. There being no such thing as money. It is often necessary for a woman-the females do the marketing-to exchange her goods for others half a dozen times before she can get what she wants. Of other domestic animals there are none, save dogs, which are more plentiful in that region than anywhere else in the world, such as they are, such indescribable curs are not to be found elsewhere on earth; they howl all night about the villages, and what they live on goodness only knows.

TERRORS OF THE CLIMATE.

The call for missionaries from the Congo country is vociferous, and is likely to continue so, inasmuch as 90 per cent. of them either die within two years, or retire, overcome by sickness from the field. As for the evangelical results achieved. Henry M. Stanley, himself an earnest Christian, has testified in writing that the converted African is usually satisfied to exhibit his spiritual regeneration by devoting himself to singing hymns and begging. Mr. Tisdel, while deploring the undeniable facts, as-serts that he has never met a really Christianized adult native in all his journeying through Africa. According to his account, the missionaries employ children as servants, and try to educate them and teach them to be good, but as soon as they grow up they invariably backslide, though they are willing to continue to profess piety for pay. The fact in that these savages have not the slightes: religious instinct whatever. They cannot be made to take any thought of the next world, because to day and enough to till their stomache for the time being is always sufficient for them, without thought of the morrow. Of six hundred white men whom the International Commercial Association induced to enter its employment, only five were able to carry out their three years' contract. The rest either died or were made hopeless invalids by the deadly climate. The form of contract required to be signed by each European recruit is now on file among the documents at the Department of State. It is a curiosity in its way. According to its provisions, the person and absolute obedience to the authorities appointed to the association. He agrees to give no information, scientific or commercial, respecting the association and its operations and plans, to any one during his three years of service and for five years after its conclusion. In case he violates this understanding, he acknowledges a liability to a penalty of \$4,000. If he should die his heirs must preserve the same stipulation for ten years, with the same penalty of \$4,000 attaching to its violation. All collections made by him during his term of service are to be the property of the asso-ciation. If he leaves the service at any time before the completion of his three years' term he must pay 5,000 francs into the treasury of the association, although the latter reserves to itself the right to terminate the contract at any time it may see fit. It is provided, also, that in no case can he or his representatives claim any indemnity or compensation what-ever on account of sickness or ac-cident causing death or incapac-ity for work. This precious document dooming the signer to absolute slavery for a given term, with almost certain death staring him in the face, winds up with the remarkable assertion that "the end pursued by the association is an absolutely disinterested one." The association swore by all that is holy that it made no such contracts, but Mr. Tisdel procured one in the original form from a dying employe. The fact is that no white people can live in the Congo basin for any length of time. A European or An rican who goes there is at once attacked by dangerous bilious fevers, which are always as likely as not to

The climate, engendering lassitude, renders stimulants necessary, but to drink is to die. It is a promising country for the colored people of the United States to emigrate to, this fan ons Free State of the RENE BACHE.

AN INDIANAPOLIS BOY ABROAD.

Letter from One Youngster to Another De-

take on a fatal form, resulting in death within a few hours. The soil, where it ex-

ists, is a deposit of rotted vegetation, with

fever germs as thick in it as eggs in an ants' met. A touch of the spade releases them, to spread pestilence abroad. In that

dre d clime the midday sun is death. The

morning air is death, and so is dewy eve.

scribing Incidents of Foreign Travel. Dan M. Ransdell, aged eleven, son of the Marshat of the District of Columbia, who is now in Europe with his father, writes as follows to a youthful acquaintance in this

DRESDEN, Aug. 26. To Frank Tarkington Baker: Dear Frank-I hope you will excuse my not writing for so long. But to recentile you I will begin at and tell you all about our ourney. We left Major in charge of a family who lived next went on board the boat at about 6 o'clock in the evening. Everything was bustle and prepa tion. Next morning we got up early to see the boat start. A conceited little steam-tug came putling around the corner of the pier, and tossed a rope aboard. Then we cast off the ropes and the tug pulled us out into the channel, and left us to manage ourselves. We steamed out into the wide ocean, where the pilot wasto go ashore.
The men let a lander down over the side and the pilot climed down it. There was a small row-boat with two men in it waiting for him. We had slowed up as much as possible, but were still going pretty fast, when the coat made fast alongide. The pilot was in such a hurry to get in that he nearly fell into the water; but one of the

We had a tine voyage, and I was sorry to get on land. None of us were sick all the way over. On the last day, when we were in sight of Antwerp, we got stuck on a sand-bar and could not get off for an hour or so, so it was very late when we landed. I was the first one of our family to jump ashore. We saw many, many interesting things in Antwerp, among which is the cathedral, a monstrous building. We climbed to the top of the tower; I got a nick of stone out of the top of the tower for Bob and my museum, which I found on the floor. We saw many other things, too numerous to relate. The next day went to Brussels. I forgot to tell you one thing which occurred in Antwerp. Papa had hired a cab and taken us all to drive. On his return he fished a handful of German money out of his pocket and held it to the cabman to take his due. The man would not take German money, and began to jabber at him in French. Two other cabmen, hearing the noise, came to see what was the matter. At last they were paci-fied, and papa held out his hand. The men each eagerly helped himself, and at the end of their raid papa's hand was empty. He was very wrathful about it, especially as mama says she saw a little boy help himself. While we were at Brussels we went to see the place where the battle of Waterloo place where the battle of waterioo was fought. There were omnibuses at the station, to take up people to the Lion mount. We had an old French guide, who had fought under Sheridan in the late war. He and papa were glad to see each other. The guide's father had seen the "Litty Corporn," (Napoleon) just on the day before the battle was fought. We saw the place where the Prince of Orange was pierced to the heart.

From Brussels we went to Cologne, which took us all day. Arrived at Cologne, we took our bundles in our hands and went to the Hotel du Nord, one of the best in the city. We then took a cab and went to see the cathedral. It is the greatest cathedral in the world. From there we drove along the riverside. We saw many fortifications, as Cologne is a fortified city. The next day we commenced our memorable journey up the Rhine. We started at 8:45 A. M. from Cologne, on a large, swift river steamer. In a little while we could see nothing but the cathedral towers in Cologne. First we saw the towers on our right, and then we would see them on our left, so winding was the river. At last even they faded from our view. There were many picturesque old ruins, and some new ones, too. They looked inaccessible, high up on the rocky cliffs. Every half mile or so there was a castle. We landed at about 8:30 P. M. at a little town named Bierbrich, near Wiesbaden Mr. and Mrs. Lemcke, with Mr. and Mrs. Devay, were waiting for us. We got on a steam-motor car and role in to Wiesbaden. We went to a pension kept by a lady named Madame Bettger. When I first saw the sign pension, I thought her husband must have been hurt in the war, and she had gotten this place as a pension, but thought better of it when papa told me that it was pronounced pon-si-on, and that there were many of them in town. On Saturday the Lemcke boys, George and Raiph, walked in from where they are staying, out in the country, to see us. They are staying out in a little village, and the pastor is teaching them German. Wiesbaden is peantiful city. West Baden gets its name from The entire distance is a series of cataracts.

Put a hundred Niagara's in that space, with rapids and wairipools between and you will have some notion of what it is

bills. If a railway should ever be completed from the sea to Stanley Pool, it which ought never be repeated to the constitutionally slow story-teller. I like a good with rapids and wairipools between and would cost \$3 for every \$1 worth of products brought from the latter point to the many other things. We shaw a week or so there,

and then came on to Dresden. I forgot to tell you one thing. While we you one Wesbaden city of Heidelberg, and spent a day there. We went up the mountain railway. It is scary going through the tunnels. We visited the old castle or schloss, as the Germans say. It took us almost all morning to go through the enormous old ruin. There is a state of the control of th old ruin. There is a tun of wine in the castle, on on top of which is a dancing hall, it's so large. In front of the tip there is a life-size statue of the burgomaster, who used to drink eighteen bottles each day. We are now in Dresden, where we came direct from Wiesbaden. In my next letter I will tell you about the city of Dres-den, where we feel at home. Yours truly, DAN M. RANSDELL.

P.S. When you send me a letter you must ask the druggist how many stamps it will take, as I will have to pay a fine if you don't put on enough stamps.

OFFERINGS OF THE POETS. The Lyric of "Love's Faith."

Love can wait! Being so patient, it is strong: If in this world it wait in vain, It surely shall not suffer long; For in some other state, Some life of larger scope. It ultimately shall attain

The full fruition of its hope. This is love's faith; defying fate, Time, change, neglect and laughter, It can wait For the hereafter.

Say that this life is all we know, And death has nothing to bestow Beyond the grave's duress But silence and forgetfulness; Then if I count the cost, Sceing love's self is sacrifice, I surely have not lost If with this life love dies.

But love's desire Being so patient and so sure, Though it may pass through tears and fire, Ay, through the portals of the tomb, Will yet endure Till its own time shall come;

Therefore, though never while we live It may be mine to ask or yours to give, Though you may pass beyond my ken, And I be lost Among the crowd of nameless men-Though both be tempest-tossed To earth's extremest ends afar,

I know that we shall meet again, Meet and be one in perfect love; But when and where-Whether in this earth here, or heaven above, Or in some unimagined world or star I neither know nor care: Early or late

Love can wait.

+Charles Lotin Hildreth. September Days. From September's misty grass, G owing on the furro wed ground, Comes the cheery cricket's sound;

While from twisted browning trees Apples fall. And the warm and dusty winds, Turning white the roadside weeds, Whirl the leaves: n | thistle-seeds, From the melicw, nazy air,

Blue-jays call. O'er the meadows aftermath, By the August rains made green, Harvest spider-webs are seen, Showing wet, like fresh-drawn net

Threading from the Summer's woof, Golden-rod September weaves, Binding in with crumpled leaves, Sparrows trailing flight from trees * Through the sky.

Look like petals in their flight, Or as souls of summer flowers Passing by. -Nina Shaw, in the Ladies' Home Journal. Two Maidens. laddie sailed out on a calm blue sea;

Butterflies with snowy wings, Rising from the asters white,

And two maidens fell a-weeping.
"Alas," said they,
"'I is a doleful day; Mayhap nevermore To the sweet free shore Shall lover And brothe thee. Shall lover to thee And brother to me. Come back from the treacher us, smiling sea." A good ship went down in a wild, wild sea; And two met lens fell a-weaping.

The years passed by
And two cheeks were dry—
A wife and a mother with babe on her knee,
Sat crooning a tender old lullaby, Nor thought of the lover beneath the sea. But at eventide, By a lone fireside. A sister sat weeping for him who had died.

Who came never more To the bright green shore, To wander with her the sweet meadows o'er. -Zitella Cocke, in New England Magazine. The Words Unsaid.

How full of yearning love and tenderness. That spoken might have served to cheer and Now haunted with the grief of vague regrets. Like faint, sad tones when low winds sweep the Of some old instrument, these words unsaid! They came to us within the late wan night, Like troubled spirits seeking out sweet rest;

And though we would admit them to our breast, Ti or fail to give us peace, as once they might. The hearts they could have joyed have ceased to The ears are deaf, though wildly we entreat. Oh, could they hear them now, the words unsaid!

One word worth a thousand to the dead. -Henry Cleveland Wood, in Harper's Weekly. Unsatisfied, I feel like one who treads alone

The wine-press of a sore regret, Whose harvest-time is past, and yet Has gathered nothing for his own. My opportunities have grown Like grain to ripeness, and I let Them go; and now the sun is set, That sang for me. Love flew away On silent wing to other lands, And I am standing here to-day Unsatisfied, with empty hands, Because I have be golden grain, And listen for love's song-in vain.

ROYAL WOMEN WHO SMOKE, Empress's Cigarettes - The Czarina's Smoking-Room. Ethel Mackenzie-McKenna, in Philadelphia Tele-

Those who rave with unceasing bitterness against women who smoke, and who declare the habit to be ill-bred and fast, have no idea of the women are condemning. People with old-fashioned prejudices have usu-ally old-fashioned feelings on the subject of the reverence due to crowned heads, and would pause before uttering their scathing condemnations were they aware that the "pernicious and disgusting habit" was one in which the majority of queens in Europe indulge. The empresses of Russia and Austria, the Queen of Italy and the Queen Regent of Spain, as well as their majesties of Portugal, Roumania and Servia, and the Countess of Paris, are all ardent lovers of tobacco, of which they are also thoroughly good judges. Perhaps the most inveterate smoker among the royal ladies is the Empress of Austria, who consumes from thirty to forty cigarettes a day. She keeps her tobacco in an exquisitely-chased silver box, which, together with a gold ash tray, are always to be seen on her writing-table. Her Imperial Majesty of Russia and Queen Marguerite of Italy only smoke in the privacy of their own boudoirs. That of the Empress of Russia s a most fascinating apartment, which makes a really ideal smoking-room. It is fitted up in the style of one of the loveliest rooms at the Albambra, palmtrees giving it quite a tropical appearance, while tempting lounges invite that recose which is such a delightful adjunct to the fragrant weed. The Countess of Paris will look at no tobacco which has not grown in the surely climate of Havana, and while the Queen Regent of Spain gives her vote in favor of Egyptian cigarettes, and the Queen of Ronmania declares in favor of Turkey, Queen Natalie of Servia has a store of tobacco from each country, of which she is careful to get only the very best. I believe the cigarette cases carried by some of these ladies are veritable dreams of beauty, being usually of gold inlaid with precions stones. Turning to our own country, it would take too long to mention the names of the well-known

sterner sex. The Most Tiresome of Creatures.

feminine votaries of the weed, and it is not

even necessary to repeat that they are some of the highest in the land. A very

large proportion of our "blue" women

smoke, and many of them even smoke

cigars as strong as those affected by the

Detroit Free Press. Friar Lawrence checks the impetuous Romeo with, "He stumbles who runs fast," a sentiment true enough, perhaps, but one

WORLD'S FAIR,

LARGEST HOUSE-FURNISHING ESTABLISHMENT IN THE WEST.

Indianapolis Public Schools Opened Monday Morning, September 14th.



Teacher-I am glad to see my pupils of last year with me again. Your faces look bright and fresh. Your vacation has certainly been a benefit to you. It is not alone the teaching a child receives at school that brightens the mind and makes useful men and women, but it is the ambitious, inquiring and observing children that are our first graduates from highschool. Now, we will spend the first day of this term in a review of your vacation. I want to find out how much and what you have learned; who, if any of you, have spent all

your time in play.

First Scholar—Mamma, Papa and I spent a month in Chicago visiting grandma. We saw all the beautiful parks and the site of the World's Fair. I told grandma it was not near as interesting as our World's Fair at Indian-

Teacher-Your idea is correct, so far as the citizens of our State and city are concerned financially. In what way is our World's Fair a special benefit to the people?

Second Scholar-By keeping a complete stock of first-class goods at low prices. I went to New York and Philadelphia with father and Uncle Joe, and saw many wonderful business houses, but none of them were more wonderful than our World's Fair. I am going to be a business man some day, and I am learning all I can during vacations, and after visiting many large stores I find the World's Fair people are the ones to imitate, for they have been the most successful.

Teacher-Now, can you tell me the cause of their success? Third Scholar—By keeping everything you want for the furnishing of a house, the variety of their stock, which embraces all qualities at reasonable prices, the prompt delivery, and their determination to please every one. Teacher—Why is their success considered so wonderful?

Fourth Scholar-Because when this store first opened it was considered out of the way; not much attention was paid to it; the people expected it to be a good-sized firmiture store, but nothing more.

Teacher—What does this agreeable disappointment of the people teach us?
Fifth Scholar—That entire satisfaction in purchasing is more than convenience, and a walk of one block is worth many dollars.

Teacher—I am indeed well pleased with you all, for not one of you have spent all your time in play. Each one has learned something useful. Our World's Fair is an interesting as well as useful study, and you can continue it through the term; of course, you will not have as much time to spend there now, but they have added to their mammoth stock School Supplies of all kinds, and you can go there to buy all your Pencils, Slates, Paper, Pens—in fact, everything you need in school. And when you go to the Fair do not forget to see their display.

Chorus—O yes; we will be sure to see the completely furnished house which the World's Fair has at the State Fair.

Everything for Housekeeping.

Telephone 1296.

Opposite State-House.

HE LELAND 5C CIGAR

Has been on the market for some time, and has proven to be an honest, reliable goods. Though high-priced, the dealer can sell you THE LELAND for 5 cents apiece and make a fair profit, but do not expect six for a quarter.

THE WM. DONEY CIGAR CO.

deliberate, detailing, circumlocuting, exasperating efforts of the slow story-teller. In the first place they seldom tell a tale that needs a rapid recital-and when they do they murder it-and in the next place the long stories, the impressively senti-mental and the lugubriously funny stories they deal in chiefly are seldom worth listen-

ing to. Deatl - What Is It?

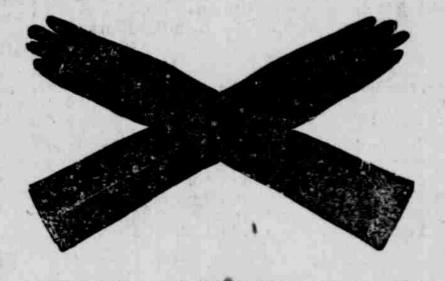
Is death the passage from the successive to the simultaneous-that is to say, from time to eternity! Shall we then understand, in its unity, the poem or mysterious episode of our existence, which till then we have spelled out phrase by phrase? And is this the secret of that glory which so often enwraps the brow and countenance those who are newly dead? If death would be like the arrival of a traveler at the top of a great mountain, whence he sees spread out before him the whole configuration of the country, of which till then he had had but passing glimpses. To be able to overlook one's own history, to divine its meaning in the general concert and in the divine plan. would be the beginning of eternal felicity. Till then we had sacrificed ourselves to the universal order, but then we should understand and appreciate the beauty of that or-der. We had toiled and labored under the conductor of the orchestra, and we should find ourselves become surprised and delighted hearers. We had seen nothing but onrown little path in the mist; and suddenly a marvelous panorama and bound-less distances would open before our dazzled eyes. Why not?

Fine Words for Lew Waliace.

It is telegraphed that Ben-Hur Wallace is about to be given a department of the government; that the war portfolio is to be intrusted to him. The President has not consulted us, but we should say that that would be a first-class appointment. Wal-lace was a good soldier; he is an exceed-ingly bright man. Indeed, to him was given a mind which makes him, first. a clear-thinking American, a capable, all-around man of affairs, and then behind all that he has the company of the higher thoughts. He sees visions of more beauty; he has within himself entertainments such as ordinary men know nothing of. In our private judgment there are few equals of Gen. Lew Wallace among all the great men of this country.

Mrs. Gougar Sized Up. New York Morning Advertiser.

It is the programme of 1888 over again. While talking for prohibition from the Ohio stump Mrs. Gongar's shapely arms are figuratively, if not literally, bared to the shoulders for the Democratic ticket. It is not a new trick of the so-called Prohibi-tionists to pretend to be working with great zeal for the furtherance of temperance, while they are in reality interested in the defeat of the Republican ticket. Mc-



TUCKER'S Vew Gloves!

The best cheap grade Glove in the city 65c per pair. Foster's Hooks, all colors, \$1 and \$1.50 per pair. Genuine French Kid, 4-button, only \$1. Wide-top Elastic Saxe Biarritz, only \$1. (Our Biarritz Gloves fit best. Try them.) 4-button French Kids, for hard wear, \$1.50. We are agents for genuine Alexandre Kids, for ladies

and gentlemen, best in the world, \$2, \$2.25, \$2.50 per pair. Mosquetaire Suede, black, white and colors, 98c to \$2.25. The largest, best assortment, most reliable goods brought

to this country. See the new line, all made to our order.

800 Pairs New Opera and Party Shades

In 12, 16 and 20-button lengths, at popular prices. Mail orders given us always please. Try it.

10 EAST WASHINGTON STREET.